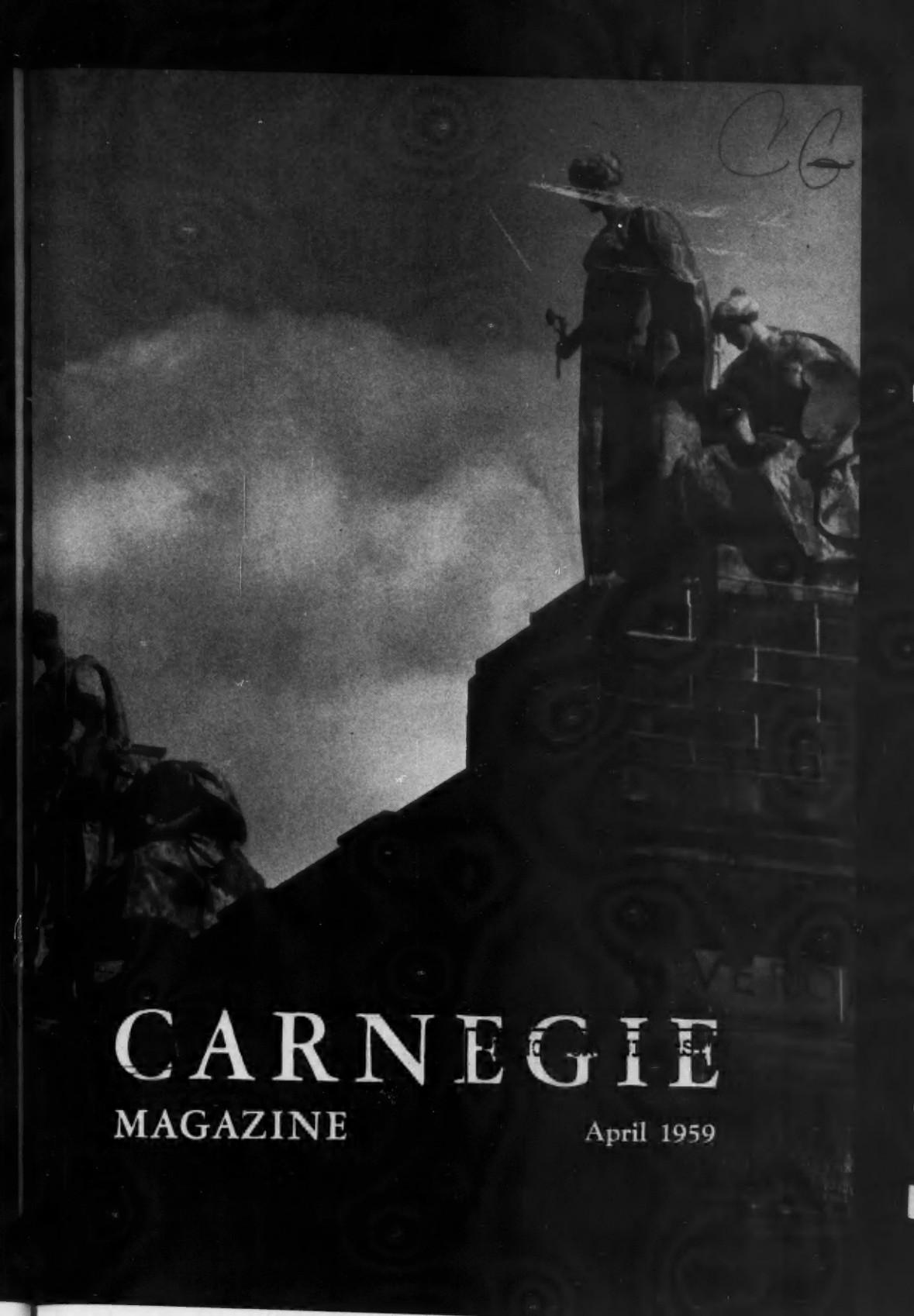


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CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

April 1959



Cowrie shell necklace worn by South Sea Islanders and used for money. On exhibit at Carnegie Museum.

The Early Economy of South Sea Islands



WHEN CAPTAIN COOK first landed in the Society Islands in 1768, he discovered an economy of "nature" guiding the Islanders.

Little effort was directed by South Sea Islanders toward the cultivation of crops. Mainly, each group depended on the particular vegetation of their island. A few natives made an attempt to raise sweet potatoes and other root vegetables, but most subsisted on nature's abundant supply of taro, arrow root, breadfruit, bananas and coconuts. The surrounding sea provided fish to supplement this diet.

Traders following in the footsteps of Captain Cook bartered cheap trade goods for copra, pearls and pearl shells. As there was no gold or other metal source in the islands, no currency system developed and there was no need for one during this early period that saw the South Sea Islands opened to outside exploration.

Only when trade activities increase in complexity, does an economy need the flexible services provided by modern commercial banking.

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Weekdays 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

Associated Artists Exhibition open Thursdays to 10:00 P.M.

Sundays 2:00 to 5:00 P.M.

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Sundays 2:00 to 5:00 P.M.



COVER

The Muses of Carnegie Institute—two of the four groups of allegorical bronze figures that, since 1907, have represented the building's cultural functions. They have recently been floodlighted in honor of Pittsburgh's Bicentennial.

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APRIL CALENDAR

TREASURED ANTIQUES

Organized by the Women's Committee of the Department of Fine Arts and sponsored by the Pittsburgh Bicentennial Association, an exhibit of Treasured Antiques from Collections of the Region is being prepared to open May 8, with preview the preceding evening, and continue through June 7. It will be held in galleries E, F, G, and H on the second floor, and J on the third.

DAVID G. BLYTHE PAINTINGS

Three political paintings by Blythe (1815-65), a major acquisition for the Department of Fine Arts, will be shown along with other works of this Pittsburgh artist from the Institute collection beginning April 27, gallery K. These are *Abraham Lincoln Writing the Emancipation Proclamation*, *Foreign Loans*, and *The Higher Law*, recently presented by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Walton, Jr., and Hirsch & Adler Galleries, New York. They will continue through June 14.

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS BICENTENNIAL EXHIBIT

The 49th annual exhibition by local artists—predominantly oils, water colors, graphics and drawings, with some sculpture and widely diversified crafts—continues in the third-floor galleries through April 19. Nearly 600 works are being shown. Visitors are voting for the Popular Prize. The galleries are open Thursday evening until 10:00 o'clock, in addition to regular hours.

TABLE SETTINGS IN MINIATURE

Three tiny table settings created by Mrs. Benjamin Lencher reflecting Pittsburgh mores over the Bicentennial period, continue on display in the Library hall.

NATURE CONTEST

The 27th annual Nature Contest sponsored by Division of Education will be held Saturday, April 11. The test for grades 6-8 will be at 10:00 a.m., for 9-12 at 1:30 p.m. The written test is based on natural history question-and-answer material made available by the Division in February; identification test covers amphibians, birds, fossils, insects, mammals, minerals, plants, reptiles, and trees. Prizes are books in the winners' chosen fields. Last year 668 boys and girls from 64 schools entered the contest.

TREASURE ROOM

Chinese porcelain tableware, fabricated in the 1800's for the export trade, continues on exhibition. This is lent by Mrs. James M. Schoonmaker, of Sewickley.

SPRING HOBBY CLASSES

The new eight-week term for adult hobby classes opens April 20, with registration April 13-18 at the Division of Education office. James Kosinski is supervisor of hobby classes. Members of Carnegie Institute Society enjoy reduced rates. Following are classes and instructors:

BALLET	Karl Heinrich
DRAWING AND PAINTING	Mavis Bridgewater
FLOWER ARRANGEMENT	Angelo DiVincenzo
GARDENING	Joseph Fitzpatrick
INTERIOR DECORATING	Roy Hilton
MILLINERY	Raymond Simboli
MUSIC APPRECIATION	Mrs. Frank Smith
PHOTOGRAPHY	Frank Curto
SCULPTURE	William Ragano
SEWING	A. B. Crissman
ART (Saturday mornings)	Robert Daley
BALLET	Jane Barker
SCULPTURE	Marshall Bidwell
SEWING	James Ross
ART (Saturday mornings)	Elton L. Schnellbacher
BALLET	Frank Vittor
SCULPTURE	Marie K. Haughton
SEWING	M. Jane Hendrickson
ART (Saturday mornings)	Marie Wolff

For the Children:

ART (Saturday mornings)	Raymond Simboli
BALLET	Karl Heinrich

ROLAND CYCLE

Mrs. Paul M. Offill will tell stories from the Roland cycle four Saturday mornings this month at 10:30 o'clock, in the Boys and Girls Division. The epic feats of Roland, who fought under Charlemagne in the French invasion of Spain, A.D. 778, have been kept alive and embellished by minstrels and storytellers over the centuries. This is planned for adults and boys and girls over ten.

SUNDAY ORGAN RECITALS

Marshall Bidwell presents a recital on the great organ of Music Hall each Sunday afternoon from 4:00 to 5:00 o'clock, sponsored by the Arbuckle-Jamison Foundation.

Wilkinsburg Civic Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Reichenfeld, conductor, will join Dr. Bidwell April 12 in a Bicentennial program. *Concerto for Organ in A Minor, Opus 100* by Enrico Rossi, which had its premiere in Music Hall in 1899 with the Pittsburgh Symphony directed by Victor Herbert, will be featured. Robert Mosley, baritone, will sing two operatic arias.

On the 19th Boyce Reid, pianist, will play Edward Grieg's *Concerto in A Minor*.

The A Cappella Choir from West Virginia Wesleyan College, Robert A. Shafer conducting, will sing April 26.

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS G. MASARYK

By OSKAR KOKOSCHKA

GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN

PERHAPS the greatest portraitist of the twentieth century is a Czech, Oskar Kokoschka, who is now seventy-three years of age. We may rejoice, therefore, that he was once called upon to paint the Czech patriot, Thomas G. Masaryk, whom many have hailed as the greatest statesman of our age. This occurred in 1935, just before Masaryk's death. Kokoschka declared that the work would take a month. Actually it became one of his most ambitious undertakings and was only finished over a year later, in time to be shown in the Carnegie International Exhibition of 1936. Today it hangs in the permanent collection of Carnegie Institute, having been bought for Pittsburgh as recently as October 24, 1956, through the Patrons Art Fund.

A didactic picture, the Masaryk portrait represented a departure in Kokoschka's work from the more direct imagery of his previous paintings. It has been criticized, in fact, as a deviation from "pure painting," that is to say, for being a "literary" picture depending for its comprehension upon a knowledge of facts that lie beyond the visual image. To appreciate it wholly, one must know that the bulky figure on the left represents John Amos Comenius, the great seventeenth-century Czech educator, and one must be told that he holds

in his hand a tablet of symbols referring to those remarkable writings of his that were so beloved by Thomas Masaryk.

Yet, even if we are ignorant of these matters, it may safely be declared that the vital force of the imagery, the tensions and brilliance of its colors and lines, as well as the nobility of its chief figure, lift it high above its instructive character as a didactic work of art. Kokoschka, its creator, has, in accordance with his genius, taken the images far beyond mere realism and well into the visionary sphere that is his creative world. We are presented, therefore, not so much with an image of Masaryk, as with an image of the inspired creator, Kokoschka, contemplating Masaryk. As the artist himself has written, ". . . each thing, as it communicates itself to me, loses its substance and passes into the Hereafter which is My Mind. I incorporate its image which I can invoke without the intermediacy of dreams. . . So that at last nothing remains; all that is essential of them is their image within myself."

That we are presented with a vision, an internal rather than an external image, is apparent at a glance. As the critic Werner Haftmann has written of Kokoschka's work, this is "an impressionism made ecstatic, the graphic elements become nervous and hectic, and the color feverish and phantasmagoric." In his art the daydream, invoked at will, is given visual objectivity; the invisible is made visible. Thus a superreality is presented to us in frankly supernatural terms. Masaryk is himself ghostlike in his spiritual evocation and is reconstituted less as a man than a seer—an image suggesting Plato's philosopher-king

This article was prepared and delivered as a lecture by Mr. Washburn, director of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute, on March 7, on invitation of the Czechoslovakian Committee of the University of Pittsburgh. The occasion was a celebration at the University honoring the 109th birthday of Thomas Masaryk. It is being inserted in the *Congressional Record* by Congressman James G. Fulton.

who sees beyond the limits of time and place. Furthermore, he is calmly seated beside a spectral friend, John Comenius, who has already been dead over two hundred and fifty years. Both men survive, as Kokoschka implies, in the Hereafter of his mind and are, therefore, presented as contemporaries, or at least as coexistent realities.

"The visionary point of view," as Kokoschka has remarked, is a viewpoint of life "as if it were seen from some high place. . . ." The high place of vision is here symbolized by actual physical height, as is Kokoschka's usual practice. We look down from his studio window in Prague upon the Moldavia River, crossed by the beautiful Charles Bridge, and then beyond to the old royal castle and to St. Vitus Cathedral standing above the city. Kokoschka, who is as famous for his heroic landscapes as for his portraits, would appear to have learned the symbolic and deeply moving device of heights from the works of Peter Breughel, whose noble pictures he often studied in the Hapsburg collection in Vienna. These works he had known from boyhood, inasmuch as it was near Vienna that Oskar Kokoschka was born.

Kokoschka's life since youth has often been stormy and was always a disturbed and restless one. He was born in Austria in 1886, at Pöchlarn on the Danube. His father was a Czech goldsmith from Prague, and his mother the daughter of a Styrian forester. This Czech background attracted his imagination and drew him to Prague in 1914 as if to a natural home. Masaryk himself finally led Kokoschka to become a citizen of the Republic of Czechoslovakia before the artist left it in 1938. At this point in his career, the artist had lived in several cities, including Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden, and he was now destined to seek shelter in England for the duration of World War II. In the first World War, Kokoschka had fought in a cavalry regiment

and while on the Russian front was seriously wounded, suffering both from a bayonet stab through a lung and from a head injury that affected his equilibrium. If Kokoschka was inclined by 1936 to begin to paint political pictures, such as our Masaryk portrait, it is not a surprising fact.

Kokoschka's natural belligerence, his high moral standards, and his pedagogic fervor led him to be a protester of man's inhumanity, just as these traits had led him in youth to object to the weak and foolish tastes of conventional adults. Always a rebellious soul, he later grew to be an evangelical one, especially after becoming acquainted with President Thomas Masaryk. It was at this precise moment that his notoriety as an *avant-garde* artist, a veritable "public terror," resulted in his being classed by Hitler as a Degenerate Artist. Already in 1911, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Hapsburg throne, had declared that "this fellow's bones should be broken in his body." Now Hitler, in 1937, endeavored to break his real bones by ordering his paintings removed from all German museums.

To an earlier day Kokoschka's pictures looked "raw" and "crude" instead of bold and strong, their highly emotional character appearing only as uncontrolled violence, their intense color as stridency. Even the excellent American critic, Henry McBride, though noticing Kokoschka's unmistakable strength, thought him without charm, without graciousness. Seeing no sweetness, he declared him a "sour observer like Strindberg." Yet in the picture under our immediate consideration, the portrait of Masaryk, we may now clearly see both the warmth and the love, the sympathy and the generosity that were invisible to an earlier generation. The free nervous line, following the impulse of vision, transforms the artist's total experience of reality into a new imagery—a synthesis of our physical and psychological worlds.



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS G. MASARYK BY OSKAR KOKOSCHKA (1936)
Oil, 38½" x 51½". Carnegie Institute Collection.

According to one of his biographers, Edith Hoffman, it was Kokoschka's habit to idealize and to abstract as he progressed with an image. Thus Masaryk's first appearance, as Kokoschka portrayed him, was more realistic. Masaryk was then in the last years of his presidency. The old man had already suffered a stroke, and his right arm was supported by a sling. He was very pale, we are told, and held his body very straight. Kokoschka has said that he thought Masaryk had the most beautiful eyes in the world. At first he drew them hard and factually, but later as though they were capable of penetrating both past and future—as indeed his powerful, inward eyes could do.

Miss Hoffman vividly describes the first sitting: "Kokoschka who had met so many people of all kinds, was at first not a little shy when in the presence of this man who had already become a myth in his lifetime. He approached him with that air of modesty, timidity, even awkwardness which were half natural to him and half affected, but which never failed to work as a charm. 'I consider it a great honour to be allowed to paint your portrait,' he said, 'but I am afraid I will make a martyr of you. I cannot promise to be quick. But I might paint you while you are having your coffee, for instance—I must have black coffee myself anyway, and I would not dare to ask for it unless you had

it too.' The ice was melted: the President laughed suddenly like a boy and retorted: 'I myself would like some coffee but nobody gives it to me.'

"Masaryk," Miss Hoffman relates, "always liked to satisfy his own curiosity when he had interesting visitors. When Kokoschka told him about his experience in the war, Masaryk asked him: 'Were you brave?' Kokoschka replied: 'It's difficult to answer this question before you have confessed to me: are you yourself courageous?' The President told Kokoschka how he felt when he once got into the middle of shooting during the revolution in Russia—a story that has been retold by Karel Capek in his *President Masaryk Tells His Story*. 'There I was afraid,' he added. 'But it is easier to be afraid and to continue to work in spite of it, than to confess that one is afraid.' 'Now you look like a boy who steals apples—no, like a dried, shriveled apple with a million wrinkles!' exclaimed the painter, who never neglected the real purpose of his visits."

Kurt John, interviewing Kokoschka in 1935, records the painter's own reactions to Masaryk and describes his intentions: "I wish I could succeed in communicating something of the radiation of this unique man," he said to the reporter. "The individual human being, subject to the passing of time, to personal fate and the process of ageing, is here overcome. Behind such a man one feels the whole of humanity. I believe biological laws exempt such a genius from their working. Such men need not be wrapped in cotton wool; they must be left alone; and they should be called upon to secure peace—for 15 millions will die if the guns go off again. . . . At an age in which others retire T. G. Masaryk has, through dangerous adventures and owing to his strange intellectual fate—a blacksmith who became an academic teacher—founded a state for the nation which

contributed the Comenius idea to the wealth of humanity. According to Comenius, pictures are more suited to teaching than words; consequently a modern symbolical portrait shall serve our educational purpose. One in the old style would glorify imperialism or 'domination' in general. Such conceptions have been outmoded by our democratic ideas. . . . Neither cloak nor crown, neither sceptre nor sword are attributes to characterize this President. I have seen no griffons, eagles, lions worship at his feet. While it would befit a dictator to be represented as a conqueror, holding a hand grenade and a gas mask, Masaryk conquers through pure humanity the best in our nature and exacts our love. At the President's side I paint Amos Comenius, his figure surrounded by the rays of the setting sun. Like a tablet of the law he holds up his *Orbis Pictus*, on which, instead of laws, the five natural indicators, the organs of the senses, are represented. On the other side Prague—the castle, the old Charles Bridge, the river in which children bathe—is to be seen. By a representation of the burning of Huss in the background the days when prejudices become stronger than all reason, when all sense is perverted into nonsense, are warningly evoked. Long is the line of T. G. Masaryk's spiritual ancestors, but the line of those who have fought against the spirit is just as long! I want to make it a historical picture; a picture that can be shown in schools, to teach the children that patriotic tasks as well as personal duties are united in humanism."

Both men, Masaryk and Kokoschka, worshiped the memory of John Amos Comenius, whose image, suggesting that of a patron saint, looms behind the President, his broad amorphous hand touching Masaryk's paralyzed arm. We can scarcely see the seventeenth-century mustaches and beard, the latter largely hidden by the great tablet in-

scribed "J. Amos Komensky." Below the lettering *Via Lucis*, referring to his *Way of Light* (published in 1668), we may make out various symbols including the organs of the senses. For this great Czech educator, these were held to be the very passages of knowledge: "There was nothing in understanding," he wrote, "that was not before in sense."

The only historical reference in the picture is the crucifixion of the heretic, John Huss, presided over by a Bishop, which is introduced in the space between these heroic heads. This tragic incident, perhaps the most provocative in Bohemian history, leading as it did to the Thirty Years' War, occurred in 1415 under the orders of the Council of Constance. Although Kokoschka, in including this image, clearly thought of Comenius' brave and tragic life as an exiled Protestant, as well, perhaps, as of Masaryk's own crusade for freedom of thought and worship, he little knew how brief even those freedoms that the first President had achieved would be or how many martyrs would still follow.

John Komensky (who used Comenius, the Latin version, in the common practice of his day) was given the middle name of "Amos" or "loving," signifying his love of learning, even when he was but a boy. No word could have been more appropriate for a man who wished that all things might be allowed to flow spontaneously and that all violence should be done away with. As Leonardo da Vinci is remembered as a precursor of the modern scientist, so John Amos Comenius is revered as a precursor of the modern educator—or better still, as a prophet of the ideal education. That Czechs should take special pride in him is only natural, when all the Western World, from his own day to ours, has paid homage to his powers.

The genius of Comenius, like that of Lincoln and many another wondrously superior man, seems to have expressed itself

through a deep sense of humility and service. His naturalness and unaffected good sense recommended him to all. So great was his virtue, indeed, that nations vied with one another for his services and wished to pay him if only he would consent to live in their lands. In Cotton Mather's papers it is told how Comenius was asked to consider the presidency of Harvard College about 1642 and that he refused, the only refusal on record by one who was offered this post.

A great internationalist, Comenius felt that barriers between nations should be destroyed and that one of the greatest of these is language. Kokoschka must have fully realized, as he painted the phantom Comenius behind Masaryk, how suitably this great philosopher-statesman, the first president of Czechoslovakia, might have fulfilled Comenius' dream as the president of a United States of Europe. "For if all men understood each other," Comenius wrote, "they will become as it were one race, one people, one household, one School of God." Living as he did in the midst of religious wars, Comenius felt keenly the foolishness of denominations and sects. Looking always toward universal principles, he wished to reconcile thought and systems, to find unities. Indeed he felt certain that most of men's troubles stemmed from ignorance, and he urged universal education free and compulsory to rich and poor, male and female alike.

Education needed reform, he contended. It must not be administered by dictatorship or compulsion but rather effected by emotional attraction and the love of learning. Schools in his day he held to be "the terror of boys, the slaughterhouse of the mind." He said: "Do not undertake to give instruction unless it commends itself to the pupil. . . . Therefore you must strive in every possible way to make the pupil regard his task as something worthy of admiration. This admiration will

arouse love, love will arouse desire and desire will arouse diligence."

Comenius' textbooks as well as his treatises on education have continued to be republished into our time. His *World in Pictures*, an illustrated Latin textbook, appeared in an American edition as late as 1887. He knew that children learn happily through pictures, and that the senses must constantly be appealed to in school. Thus he also introduced theatricals as visualizations of knowledge. Indeed even the most advanced practice in our own time has failed to fulfill his dreams, and we may still repeat the prayer by Leibnitz—

May the time come, Comenius,
when multitudes of men of good will
Shall pay homage to thee, thy deeds,
thy hopes and thy aspirations.

Those who have studied the nature and writings of Thomas G. Masaryk will be the first to appreciate his reverence for John Amos Comenius. A poor boy himself, his mother a servant and his father a coachman of serf background, he recognized an earlier version of himself in Comenius, this seventeenth-century democrat and citizen of the world. He himself, it was often said, foresaw a new man: *homo europeus*. He was, it is truly asserted, the fruit of Renaissance humanism and the ideals of the Reformation. From John Huss he took his own and Czechoslovakia's motto "Truth Conquers." That the images of both of these men should have been combined in a single portrait, or to put it more accurately, in a single vision, is marvelously appropriate. Yet more appropriate still is that the vision and its materialization should have been produced by a third man who was fully capable of understanding these heroic figures and of transmitting their meaning to us. Pittsburgh, where the pact was signed that was prerequisite to the proclamation of the new Republic of Czechoslovakia in 1918, is fortunate to possess this image.

PITTSBURGHIANA

PRINTED matter from the early days of Pittsburgh will be displayed at Carnegie Library beginning April 10, in a Bicentennial tribute to National Library Week, April 12-18. The publications are owned by the Library. Some of the items are the following:

An issue of the first newspaper, *The Pittsburgh Gazette*, forerunner of today's *Post-Gazette*, for December, 1893. (So far as known, no copy remains of the first issue, July 29, 1786.)

Four volumes of *Modern Chivalry*, by Hugh Henry Brackenridge, first novel printed west of the Alleghenies (1792-1805) in its rare first edition. (Volumes no. 1, 2, and 4 were printed in Philadelphia, no. 3 in Pittsburgh, and no. 5 and 6 in Carlisle, the last two now almost unobtainable.)

Books of poetry by David Bruce, of Washington, Pa. (1801) and by Robert Patterson (1817). The poems had appeared in newspapers earlier.

Early almanacs (first in 1788), directories, religious tracts, and a New Testament of which only one copy is known.

Journals of travelers to Pittsburgh, including George Washington.

A bookshelf typical of a Pittsburgh home of the early 1800's will also be displayed.

INSTITUTE GRADUATES

TWENTY-TWO artists who were members of the Tam O'Shanter or Palette free Saturday art classes at Carnegie Institute as children have sixty-eight entries in the current Associated Artists exhibition.

Three prizes have been won by this group: the Associated Artists First Prize for Graphics by William Charles Libby; the H. G. Hirsh Award (Third Prize) for Water Color and also a Jury Honorable Mention by C. M. Jackson.

FROM THE ASSOCIATED ARTISTS

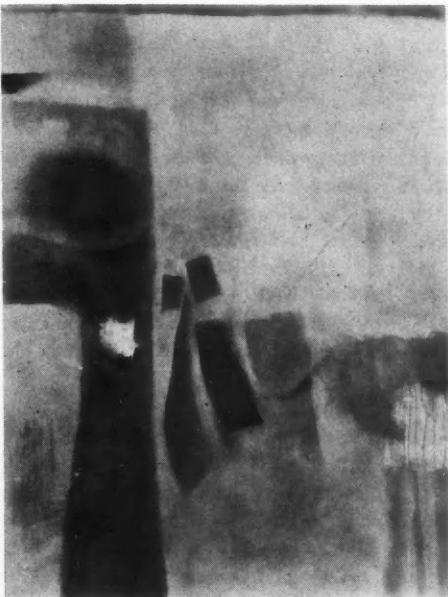
THREE paintings shown on this page, from the current exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh, have been awarded the Carnegie Institute Purchase Prize. They will become part of the Contemporary collection.

The Purchase Prizes are awarded this year for the second time in lieu of the former Carnegie Institute Prize to the best pair of oil paintings by one artist. They were selected after the regular judging by a committee appointed by the Fine Arts Committee.

Both Richard Beaman, of the Fine Arts faculty at Carnegie Tech, and Gertrude Temeles Half exhibited in the Bicentennial International. Elizabeth Allison has been a regular contributor to the Associated Artists exhibitions.



GENESIS BY ELIZABETH ALLISON



RELATED FORMS BY GERTRUDE TEMELES HALF



FIRE WAKE BY R. B. BEAMAN

WHAT MEAN THESE STONES?

A review of "Aku-Aku" by Thor Heyerdahl, the author of "Kon-Tiki"

SOLOMON B. FREEHOF

DURING the last century of vast scientific development, while mankind has been concentrating on the future, there has also been wide popular interest in rediscovery of the past. The archeological discoveries in the Middle East have been frequently described. They are achieved by digging down into old heaps; as you dig farther down, you come to a more ancient city, a more ancient level in human experience. You go back from the Iron age to the late Bronze Age; dig deeper, and reach the early Bronze Age; deeper to the late Stone Age, the older Stone Age, and then, finally, to primitive nothingness.

What would you expect if you went to a land in which this evolution from the Stone to the Bronze to the Iron Age had not even begun, and the people were still in the primitive Stone Age? You might expect to find, at best, as the Carnegie Museum archeologists have found in Indian mounds in this area, arrowheads and other simple artifacts. Therefore one of the greatest surprises to the archeologists was when, working in the jungles of Yucatán (in present Mexico), they discovered huge buildings built in the Stone Age, constructed by ancestors of people who are still living in the Stone Age; that is, people who had neither iron nor even the earlier bronze. How on earth did they do it?

It was still more astonishing when our archeologists began to study the Incas of Peru and discovered in the highlands a pre-Inca civilization at Lake Titicaca. Here were massive walls of hard stones, enormous, heavy stones fitted together as perfectly as the stones of the Egyptian pyramids, which are known to have been cut with bronze and

iron saws. How did these pre-Incas do it? How were stone tools used to cut these masses, and how were they ever lifted? The American Stone Age civilization has been, in one way, the most astounding discovery of archeology.

One archeologist, Thor Heyerdahl, has devoted himself to the Stone Age people and their astonishing abilities. He spent one year in the mid-Pacific islands of the Marquesas, living with a tribe and learning their legends. After a year of living with the Polynesian people, he came to the conclusion that they came from the pre-Inca civilization of South America. This present-day Viking was almost alone in his theory; but his conviction led to the famous voyage of the *Kon-Tiki* and his best-selling book by that name.

South of that main Pacific current that had carried him to the South Seas on the raft *Kon-Tiki* is mysterious Easter Island. This lonely island, as far out from Chile in the Pacific as Spain is from New York, belongs to Chile and is visited once a year for three or four days by a Chilean warship. It is the past of Easter Island that Heyerdahl unveils in his new book, *Aku-Aku*.

"*Aku-Aku*" seems to mean, in Polynesian, "guardian spirit." Incidentally, this belief in the "guardian spirit" is found among most ancient peoples. Even the Romans, who were not primitive in their early days, believed in something like *sku-aku*. The Romans believed that every person at his birth was a twin, that with him was born a spiritual counterpart called his "genius." This genius accompanied a man all through his life and was the true source of whatever he achieved. This concept of an invisible genius, a psychic

twin or defending spirit, is close to what the Polynesians mean by *aku-aku*.

Heyerdahl wanted to explore Easter Island, and he gives the reason by telling how little we Westerners knew about the Island.

Easter Island was first visited by a Dutch navigator in 1722. Since he saw it first on Easter Sunday, he named it Easter Island. He noticed vast statues of men all over the island, all exactly alike, statues larger than any in Europe. When he landed, he was greeted by a primitive people, and he noticed that there was a mixed population. Most of the people were dark and short, but among them were also tall, light-faced people, virtually white. The chief came. He was white, red-haired, and about six feet six in height. The skipper could not understand how these primitive people could have set up such enormous statues. From the early drawings of the statues, by the way, they were evidently different than we see them today. Today, and possibly for a century or so, all of them have been lying down. Also in those days each of the standing statues had on top a red cylinder; Heyerdahl weighed one of these and reports that it weighed about as much as two elephants and was an enormous hunk of red stone. Evidently that was the symbol for the red hair of those people who put them up. Nowadays these cylinders of stone are scattered near the fallen statues.

This Dutch skipper had talked to the people as much as he could, although he did not go into the island very far. He decided that the statues could not be what they seemed to be. They must be merely clay, built up from mud, and not stone. The Dutch left and never came back.

This is the fourth of five articles that **CARNEGIE MAGAZINE** is privileged to carry this season, derived from Dr. Freehof's series of book reviews at Temple Rodef Shalom. The series this year is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary as a feature of Pittsburgh's cultural life.

Half a century later the Spanish came and annexed the island to Spain. They went up to the statues and banged at them with their swords, but the swords bounced back, giving forth sparks. It was apparent these were not clay but very, very hard stone, all of which deepened the mystery. Also, when the Spanish came, there were hardly any women and children to be seen among this mixture of tall, white people and short, dark people. Then, a few years later, came the great English explorer, Captain James Cook. By then all the people were dark and, again, no women and children were to be seen.

The Chileans came right after the South American republics had won their independence. They wanted to recruit the people on Easter Island to work on the guano islands nearer the coast, where the vast masses of bird-droppings are gathered for use as fertilizer. They took half of the men to the guano islands, and most of them died. When the rest finally returned to Easter Island, they brought smallpox with them, and much of the Island was depopulated (that would be about a hundred years ago).

About seventy-five years ago, an American paymaster of the United States Navy named Thomason visited Easter Island and collected whatever of the legends still remained, among these a persistent belief that their ancestor Matu came a five-weeks' journey from the east in a ship. By this time all the statues had fallen.

The last person to visit was an English archeologist, Margaret Rutledge, about 1910. She explored the roads, saw no statues standing, found hardly anyone who knew anything about the past. When she left, she said that, although she did not find very much, she felt there was some deep mystery about the island. She wrote a book called *The Mysterious Easter Island*.

All this lured Heyerdahl and, with his

great reputation attained by the voyage of the *Kon-Tiki*, he was enabled to buy a fine, modern, Norwegian trawler. Thirty-three people made this voyage, including the ship's captain and crew, three Americans, a Peruvian and a Norwegian archeologist, and Heyerdahl's wife, a young teen-age son, and a young daughter.

A half hour after they had anchored off Easter Island they heard noises, and some boats with ragged people came alongside their ship. Heyerdahl greeted them in Polynesian, they answered and clambered up on the ship. They were a ragged crowd, and each had for sale little, well carved statuettes of a kind of bird-man with feathers and beak. They chatted, and the visitors gave them bits of cloth and beads.

The smartest among them, the most ragged and the one with the finest carvings, was mayor of the little village. As mayor, he becomes the most important person in the book next to Heyerdahl.

When they came ashore at the village, there were the Chilean governor, a priest, and a doctor. They were enthusiastically received by the villagers. The mayor explained that the island is covered with volcanic rock so that the Chilean Navy uses most of it to pasture sheep, of which the villagers steal hundreds. He warned that the visitors must guard their possessions, and also that they must not give the islanders any strong drink.

He explained that, while the visitors were welcome, their visit was a source of great trouble, because ever since the Easter Islanders had heard of the successful voyage of the *Kon-Tiki* to the Marquesas, a wild spirit of adventure had taken hold of them. They had not been seafaring for centuries, but now they knocked together little rafts of wood and set sail, looking for the ocean currents to carry them all the way to the Pacific islands. Some had had to be rescued, and some had

been lost. The mayor knew that Heyerdahl's presence would excite them to further wild adventures.

Then begins the story of the digging, although there was very little land to dig in because there was very little soil. First they dug out some of the statues that were still standing, or at least, because they were three-quarters sunk into the ground, had not been overthrown. These statues that looked so enormous were three or four times as big when the archeologists got down to their foundations.

With the mayor to guide them, they went to one of the three volcanoes. There are no rivers on the island, no brooks, but pools of water gather in the craters, and reeds grow there. They discovered that the whole outside wall of the volcano and the hard lava rock over its rim had been chopped up into statues. Because the statues were in various stages of completion, it was possible now to trace the entire process of making them. The statues were left without the eyes carved in, were highly polished, and the red topknots were missing because they came from rock in another part of the island.

Every one of those statues, all exactly alike, had large, pendulous ears hanging almost to the shoulders. The Dutch explorer and the Spanish all had reported that the tall, red-headed people lengthened their ears by putting weights in the lobes, as so many savage people do. So for convenience Heyerdahl called this vanished people "the long ears."

Heyerdahl collected some of the legends, especially from the mayor. The mayor had a beautiful, red-headed, young daughter, so he suspected the mayor had some of the blood of the former tall, white, red-headed inhabitants. One legend told how, a few hundred years ago, there was a terrific battle in which the dark people overcame "the long ears" and only one survived.

The dark people were cannibals, he knew, because he crawled into some of the refuge caves and found the bones that told the story. The Island was full of caves, many of them caused by volcanic action millennia ago, when bubbles of gas forced their way through the earth. Apparently centuries ago people had explored these tunnels and had dug chambers at the ends of the tunnels. Heyerdahl and his coworkers crawled into these tunnels, sometimes feet first and not knowing what they were going to find. From these caves he realized why earlier explorers had found no women or children; they had fled for refuge underground.

Heyerdahl learned from the mayor that it was not these "short ears," the cannibals, who had raised the statues. One day he offered the mayor a hundred dollars if he could raise one of them, believing there might be some memory among the people as to how the statues were lifted into their new places and put up on the platforms. There had not been one standing free for a century. The mayor agreed to do it, telling him that he was descended on his mother's side from the "long-ear" family and only the "long ears" know how to do it.

The next morning at dawn they heard mysterious singing, led by an old woman. It was the old stone-lifters' song from the "long-ear" days. The workers had nothing but a few thin sticks and innumerable stones. They worked with one of the statues that Heyerdahl's men had excavated completely, one that was lying on its side. The men surrounded the statue, stuck the poles underneath the head, leaned on them, and pried it up possibly an eighth of an inch. Thereupon the mayor stuck little, thin wedges of stone underneath. Then they pried another eighth of an inch, he stuck more stones, and gradually on this pile of little stones it began to rise.

In three days they had it standing, and when they had to put it onto a platform, they made another ramp of tiny stones. Of course, the thing was poised on a razor-edge, and weighed twenty tons or more. There the statue was standing! The mayor knew how from tradition!

One day Heyerdahl asked the mayor about how the people came. By boats made of reeds, the mayor replied. Later they talked with people who had a memory of how to tie the reeds together to make such boats. On one of the statues Heyerdahl had seen an incised picture of a ship with sails. The mayor explained that they tied reeds together vertically, just the reverse of a Chinese junk, to make their sails.

Heyerdahl asked the mayor for a demonstration of how the statues were cut, another "long-ears" secret. The mayor got together thirty or forty young men and some of the older ones. They picked up their little stone chisels—nothing but round pieces of sharp stone to fit in the hand—and set to work on a blank space on the volcano wall. When the chisel edges got dull, they just hit them skillfully against each other and knocked off other chips. This group of men, after singing another ancient song, laid themselves along the rock face, the mayor drew some lines, and they merely started chipping. They poured a little water and chipped, and after the first day they had dug down into the hard rock about an eighth of an inch. An outline began to appear. The next day they dug faster, and soon the outline similar to one of the old statues became evident. After a week he saw clearly how it was done, and the work ended. He asked the mayor how they could stand in the sun all day and do that chipping. "Oh," the mayor answered, "we 'long ears' love it, we love to work." If he had insisted and let them go on, they would have completed the statue.

When the people were sure that "Kon-Tiki," as they called him, had a real *aku-aku*, that the spirit was with him, they began bringing gifts, first a perfect chicken cut out of stone, beautifully artistic. Such a thing had not been seen on the island before. When the mayor saw it, he said, "Hide it quickly. It is very important. Take it and hide it in your ship." The next day the same man, Estevan, brought him a statue of a man. Now the mayor finally admitted that in addition to the refuge caves there were caves in which the families who had the "long-ear" tradition kept treasure, each cave guarded by its *aku-aku*.

Gradually, after much arguing, after a struggle between Heyerdahl's *aku-aku* and theirs, he finally acquired marvelous little statues of all kinds. He promised that they would be kept secure in great museums of the world, which would please the ancestors who had hidden them in caves for fear they would be sold. One of the statuettes was of a great crocodile of the kind found on the coast of Peru; there is nothing of the kind on Easter Island except little lizards. Finally even the mayor brought Heyerdahl a beautiful model of a boat with the sails made of reeds fastened together vertically!

Heyerdahl believes that the statuettes hidden in the caves were the sculptural, ancestral memory of the "long ears," and that this constitutes the true secret of Easter Island. But the secret which concerns us most, Heyerdahl believes, not only on Easter Island but in all the Stone Age, is this strange fervor to build, this mysterious, primitive skill. We are bound to ask, borrowing a phrase from Joshua (and used by another of today's archeologists, Miller Burrows, in writing of the Near East): "What mean these stones?"

This tremendous, laborious, sculptural and architectural achievement means, first of all,

that there is no people on earth—wherever it lives, in whatever desert or whatever island, or whatever be its color or its strange racial origin—there is no branch of the human family that does not have potential constructive skill. Evidently man is a building animal.

We should never think of certain races of the world as hopeless, as perpetually slothful. The power to build, the power to create, is deep and basic in every type of mankind. The will to build and the power to build are so far-spread through all mankind that they must be a permanent part of our nature.

The picture to remember about *Aku-Aku* is of that race of Polynesians (or pre-Polynesians) swarming all over that volcano and pouring out their hearts in building statues, cutting them out of the hard, living rock, and dragging them in their perfection to set up all over the Island.

When we think of mankind's future, we should think of the innate building power, the tremendous hidden dynamic to work, which exists in all the children of men. That is their protection against social death, that is their *aku-aku*, which, after all, is a primitive way of saying that "into the dust of the earth is breathed a spirit." Upon this human power to build a better world we may rely, and for its mysterious presence we should be deeply thankful.

WALT DISNEY FILMS

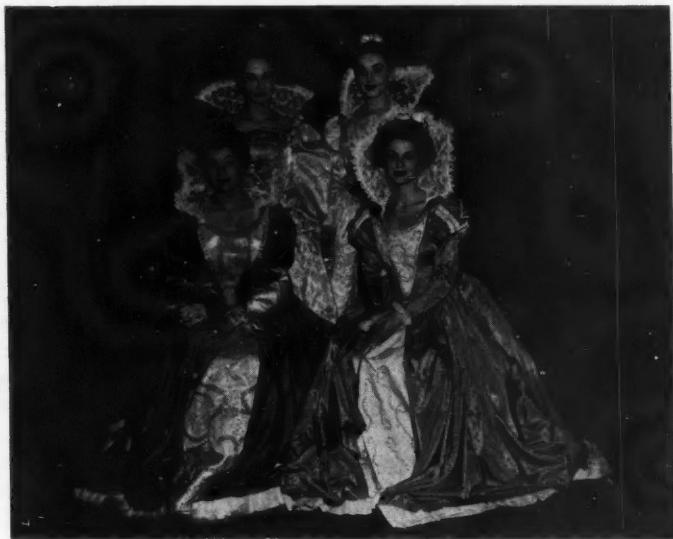
The two final Disney double-feature shows are listed below. A series of five has been sponsored by the Sarah Mellon Scaife Foundation on Sundays at 3:00 P.M., in Lecture Hall. These are free for children of all ages, and parents are welcome.

April 5—NATURE'S HALF ACRE

YOU AND YOUR FIVE SENSES

April 12—MAN IN FLIGHT

YOU, THE HUMAN ANIMAL



THE PRINCESS AND HER LADIES IN LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Shakespearian showcase for the extensive costume collection of Carnegie Tech's drama department

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DONALD M. GOODFELLOW

SOMETIMES in 1604, in pursuance of a court assignment, Sir Walter Cope reported to Robert Cecil, Lord High Steward to Queen Anne, in these words:

"Burbage ys come, & Sayes ther ys no newe playe that the quene hath not scene, but they have Revyved an olde one, Cawled *Loves Labore lost*, which for wytt & mirthe he sayes will please her exceedingly."

From the many Elizabethan plays that had proved popular before various types of audiences, why was this comedy by Shakespeare chosen for a performance in honor of the theater-loving Queen, wife of the new monarch, James I? One reason, of course, may have been the fact that Shakespeare, as a well-known playwright and an outstanding member of the company of actors recently ap-

pointed by the king as his own players, had some voice in the matter. But the selection of this particular play is probably to be accounted for by its history, since it had previously proved a success before a courtly audience.

The earliest record of a performance of *Love's Labour's Lost* appears in the Quarto of 1598, where it is published "as it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere." Obviously Shakespeare had not created the comedy for that specific occasion. Although it is not generally considered to be his first play, it dates from his experimental period when he was learning partly through imitation. His earliest historical dramas and *Titus Andronicus* show the

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influence of such prominent playwrights as Marlowe and Kyd; and in several respects *Love's Labour's Lost* indicates a knowledge of the dramatic works John Lyly had written for performance before Queen Elizabeth.

Lyly's comedies depend for their effect largely upon puns, conceits, and repartee. Now and then dances and songs are introduced. The setting of several is pastoral. By the combination of music, spectacle, and dialogue, Lyly catered to the court's taste for pageants, tableaux, and witty language. The fact that he won the approval of his royal audience must have impressed Shakespeare. At any rate, in some of its characters, in much of its dialogue, and in its setting, *Love's Labour's Lost* bears a resemblance to the comedies of the most literary of the University Wits, as they were known—that group of dramatists who had had the advantage of a college education, of which Shakespeare had been deprived.

The action and conversation of this play take place in a park adjoining the palace of the King of Navarre. Here Ferdinand and three of his courtiers, brought face to face with the Princess of France and three of her ladies, promptly fall in love and break the vow they have taken to eschew the company of women and to devote themselves to study for three years. The penalty for their "perjury" is imposed by their sweethearts at the end of the play: a year's probation before they may consider taking another vow—that of matrimony.

For this slight plot, designed to ridicule an artificial intellectual program that defied human nature, Shakespeare was indebted to no previous author; at least the story has not been traced to any one definite source. The visit of the Princess and her ladies may have been suggested by an episode in the lives of Marguerite de Valois and Henry of Navarre; and the names of the courtiers are the same

as those of men who played a part in Henry's career. But those personages were not the originals of characters in the play. Perhaps Shakespeare found the models for the aristocratic figures among the associates of the Earl of Southampton, to whom he had dedicated *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*. Whatever their origin, his young nobles and gentlewomen were certain to entertain a courtly audience by their treatment of love as a game or contest, and especially by their word-play. Indeed, it may be said that Shakespeare's primary purpose was to call attention to the various ways in which language could be used in his day.

Love's Labour's Lost is commonly described as Shakespeare's "euphuistic" play because in its mannered diction and rhetorical extravagances it is somewhat reminiscent of Lyly's prose romance *Euphues*. Actually the affected speech of the characters in the main plot caricatures most of the literary mannerisms of the period, only some of which stem from Lyly's work. This feature of the comedy, like the various topical allusions it contains, is too dated for a modern audience to appreciate. Fortunately Shakespeare the poet did not allow his fancy to be checked by his satirical purpose, and there is enough felicitous verse in a variety of meters to give the play a lasting charm.

Because some of the speakers use the same verbal weapons in their battles of wit, it is often difficult to distinguish among them. At such times one must recall that Shakespeare intended his lines to be delivered by flesh-and-blood actors with recognizable voices and identifying costumes. But one character who stands out even for the reader is Biron, the most realistic of the Navarre quartet, who prophesies at the outset that none will be able to keep the silly vow. Although he too engages in oral contests, he is the first to appreciate that "taffeta phrases"

are sometimes not so appropriate as "russet yeas and honest kersey noes." Near the close of the play, when the Princess, just informed of the death of her father, fails to understand an inflated speech by King Ferdinand, Biron remarks: "Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief." To him are given the most lines, including a fine passage in praise of the proper study of man: "love, first learnéd in a lady's eyes." At the end Biron has learned something about himself from the lips if not the eyes of his beloved Rosaline. In their exchanges these two strikingly resemble the better-known Beatrice and Benedick of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Although there is more dialogue than action in *Love's Labour's Lost*, comic effectiveness sometimes depends as much upon situation and behavior as upon language. Especially entertaining is the enactment of the pageant of the Nine Worthies by the several characters whose doings—and sayings—constitute the secondary plot. In earlier scenes where these figures appear, the humor lies primarily in their speech. Dull, the constable, and Costard, the clown, are guilty of such malapropisms as Dogberry will later perpetrate; Armado, the "fantastical Spaniard," and Holofernes, the pedant, express themselves in a strange mixture intended by Shakespeare as a parody of the bombast, the Latinized jargon, and the artificial stylistic devices found in much of the writing of his day. But near the end of the play, when

Moth, Armado's page, and Nathaniel, the curate, join the others to play the parts of such Worthies as Pompey, Hector, Judas Maccabaeus, Hercules, and Alexander, the resulting fiasco should delight a modern audience as much as it did the Court of Navarre and the Court of Elizabeth.

All the characters in the subplot have been compared to *commedia dell' arte* types—the braggart, the zany, the pedant, the parasite, the rustic, the constable. In Armado we find also a slight suggestion of the *miles gloriosus* of Plautus. More evident is the resemblance of Armado and Moth to Sir Topias and Epiton in Lylly's *Endimion*. But Holofernes, Dull, Nathaniel, and Costard undoubtedly owe their existence not to Italian models but to Warwickshire denizens familiar to Shakespeare. It does not seem likely that he composed the two rustic songs that close the play for stock Dottores and Arlechinos. He may have written the comedy as a whole for a small urban group, but in "When daisies pied" and "When icicles hang by the wall" he was remembering the natives of the Stratford countryside.

However much Lylly and other Elizabethan writers may have taught Shakespeare, they can hardly be given credit for the experience and the powers of observation that enabled him to create in *Love's Labour's Lost* something more than a courtly comedy spiced with witty dialogue. Not only in the humbler comic personages but also in Biron there is a human quality not found in characters drawn by the University Wits. In fact, since it is thought that Shakespeare was composing his sonnets during the period in which he wrote this play, he may have put something of himself into the character of Biron. And it may well be that the mysterious Dark Lady of the sonnets appears here as Rosaline, described as "black as ebony," and able to boast: "I have verses too, I thank Biron."

Dr. Goodfellow, associate professor of English, has been on the faculty of Carnegie Institute of Technology since 1928 except for two years of graduate work at Harvard University. For a short time he was high-school teacher and principal at Morris, New York, following graduation from Colgate. He has published articles on such subjects as John Quincy Adams, James Fenimore Cooper, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, in *American Literature*, *New England Quarterly*, *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, and other periodicals.

Whether or not we give credence to such conjectures, we must admit that Biron, Rosaline, and the Princess are more real than Lyly's mythical figures.

Furthermore, Shakespeare had one advantage over the University Wits: as an actor as well as a playwright he had learned something about audience psychology. When Holofernes, for example, explains that tiny Moth will play Hercules "in minority . . . strangling a snake," the page remarks: "An excellent device: so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake.' " Unfortunately, however, the reception of a scene or a passage cannot always be predicted, as Rosaline, in serious vein, reminds Biron:

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. . . .

Because of their topicality, a number of jests in *Love's Labour's Lost* convey nothing to a

modern audience; and for the interpretation of some phrases, footnotes are necessary. But the intelligible quips and puns are so numerous that one need not feel cheated by occasional obscurities.

Although he is still learning his art, Shakespeare here reveals in his original characterization, his handling of comic situation, and his command of verse, traces of the genius that was shortly to come to full flower. The Princess and Rosaline need not feel ill at ease in the company of Portia, Viola, and Beatrice of the later plays; and Biron should be quite capable of holding his own in a verbal encounter with Mercutio or Benedick. These people are not mere cutouts. No more are Armado, Holofernes, and Costard, each of whom is given opportunity to speak as a human being. The play-within-a-play that they and other minor characters attempt is an anticipation of Bottom's effort in *A Mid-*

[Turn to page 130]

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WHITFIELD HALL ON FORBES AVENUE, FORMERLY A FAMILIAR LANDMARK

NEW CARNEGIE TECH CAMPUS EVOLVING

THE house on the hill . . . and the hill itself are making way for Carnegie Tech's Development Program.

Whitfield Hall, the imposing mansion up on the hill toward the Tech campus from Forbes Avenue, has been torn down in the first phase of a tremendous earth-moving project. The old home was not only in the path of Tech's campus development . . . it was on top of it! When some 180,000 cubic yards of earth are removed, the campus will have a new look together with a relocated football field and a site for the new Student Activities Center.

Whitfield Hall was built around the turn of the century. Carnegie Institute of Technology purchased the property from steel executive Henry Graham Brown in 1934. At one time or another it has housed the foot-

ball team, music classes, women students, male graduate students, and was last used to house engineering students from India.

When the grading is completed, the entire campus from the Cut (the walk from Forbes to the main group of buildings) to the present softball field will be level. Most of the earth will be used to fill up the bowl in which the present football field is located. The new field will be situated on a higher level and will be turned around so that one end will be against the new Donner Hall.

Some 60,000 cubic yards of dirt will be left over from the campus area and will be used to fill in the Edwards property owned by Carnegie Tech on Forbes across from the Bureau of Mines, and thus create more usable space.

When Skibo, the student cafeteria, is torn

down sometime this year for the erection of The Hunt Library, many vital student services will be temporarily disrupted although substitute facilities will be set up.

The inconvenience will be worth putting up with, however, for construction of the new Student Activities Center is slated for June on a newly graded site along Forbes Avenue across the Cut from the present Faculty Club. When completed this Center will provide everything from a broadcasting studio to a ballroom. Student and faculty dining area, lounges, publications offices, private dining rooms, and meeting rooms are but a few of the features and facilities that will be available. Carnegie Tech's Student Activities Center will be among the finest and best equipped in the country and will fill a long-felt need for centralized, complete student services.

A proposed Dramatic Arts Center is to be placed alongside the Activities Center and

farther back from Forbes, to create a new mall from Forbes Avenue to The Hunt Library.

—WARREN DANA

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

[Continued from page 128]

summer Night's Dream. If they seem to be putting their pageant together as they go along, the same cannot be said of Shakespeare's construction of his play. As a whole, it is well unified. Granted, the shifting from blank verse to quatrains to doggerel to prose to sonnets suggests improvisation. But the playwright is always in control, the poet present in many eloquent and lyrical passages. As the forthright Dr. Samuel Johnson said of *Love's Labour's Lost* two centuries ago, ". . . there are scattered, through the whole, many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare."



Herbert Barnett

LOW ATHLETIC FIELD HERE BEING RAISED TO CAMPUS LEVEL WITH EARTH FROM HILLTOP

CHINESE EXPORT PORCELAIN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

HERBERT WEISSBERGER

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BUT this is Oriental Lowestoft," some of our visitors to the current exhibition in the Treasure Room are likely to exclaim. Indeed, the handsome porcelain now on display is commonly known as such, and if we have picked the more sober name of "Chinese export porcelain," we did so advisedly. For there are scholars who disapprove of the other designation for this particular kind of ware, and for good reason.

Lowestoft is located in England (Suffolk), and its local porcelain factory lasted from about 1756 to about 1800. Yet the so-called Oriental Lowestoft was not made there, but in China itself.

George Savage in his indispensable *Porcelain through the Ages* (a Pelican book), deals crisply with this apparent riddle: William Chaffers, the scholar and well-known author of *Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain*, believed that the enormous quantity of Chinese porcelain with armorial bearings and European subjects was made and decorated at Lowestoft, England. Later, realizing his error, he tried to maintain that the porcelain was imported from China in white and decorated at Lowestoft. Nevertheless—still quoting Mr. Savage—it is nothing more than Chinese export porcelain, made and decorated in its country of origin. Yet the trade name for it, Oriental Lowestoft, has become hallowed by time and is still used today, especially in America.

We are dealing, then, with a vast group of Chinese porcelain that was not made for home consumption, but for overseas trade. Carnegie Institute owns several beautiful specimens of seventeenth- and eighteenth-



LARGE PLATE WITH CONTINENTAL (?) ARMS
(1740-50)

century porcelains made to meet the local, and exacting, Chinese taste. Our collection, however, cannot boast of a single outstanding specimen of Chinese export ware. Thus we are very grateful to Mrs. James M. Schoonmaker, of Sewickley, who, graciously putting her collection at our disposal, made the present loan exhibition possible.

If one classifies Chinese export ware according to type of surface decoration, pieces with Western heraldic ornament are found to constitute a most important group. There are several of this kind in the Schoonmaker collection. We are reproducing a large and especially lovely plate with the coat of arms of a titled family employed upon border and shoulder, while the inside is embellished with a gracefully conceived flower bouquet held together by a loosely tied bowknot. While the design is executed in eight colors,

it is the rose enamel that strikes one as the most preponderant, and we may, therefore, ascribe this plate to a subgroup of the well-known *famille rose* typical of the reign of Emperor Ch'ien Lung (1736-95). The plate is, of course, not an isolated specimen, but once belonged to a large dinner set, from which, for instance, there are a gravy boat in the same collection and a wine cooler in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

Not always is the heraldic decoration located more or less ostentatiously on the front of a piece. An elaborately designed coat of arms crested by a figure of St. Michael occurs on the inside of a gravy boat, while another interesting case is afforded in the arms appearing discreetly on the back of a plate. This seemed so unusual an instance that special care has been taken in installing this plate in the exhibit so that, with the aid of a mirror, both sides can be viewed.

As can be surmised, execution of Western armorial emblems was not left to the imagination of the Chinese porcelain decorators. They executed these after correctly-done color sketches, furnished by agents of the future owners.

Such, however, were not the only models that came from the West. European drawings and prints played a considerable role. Thus we meet with various genres, like hunting scenes, and mythological or even religious subjects, such as episodes from the New Testament. Although none of these are shown in the present exhibition, the manner in which the three-dimensional prototypes have been translated into a linear Chinese pictorial idiom can be enjoyed in an appealing small piece. It is a saucer with a crest above two separate monograms, denoting, perhaps, the initials of bride and bridegroom, husband and wife. The interesting feature here is the frail little winged god with a large trumpet, the attribute of Fame, on each side.



TUREEN FOR ENGLISH MARKET (1790-1800)

Chinese export porcelain was not limited to a Western World that encompassed the European continent, England, and America. The Middle and Near East, for instance, were also markets, and a good deal found its way to Persia. Typical of this kind are three bowls with small flower arrangements in blue and iron-red. A nice proof of their ultimate destination is afforded in the cartouche on the border of one of them with an inscription in Islamic characters.

In one of his writings, Bernard Rackham of the Victoria and Albert Museum gives a short survey of the collecting of Chinese porcelain in Europe from the seventeenth century to our times. "There were princely collectors, as Augustus the Strong of Saxony, and, in lesser degree, Queen Mary, who would appreciate the finest works of the painters of Ching-tê-Chên." We must, then, draw a line between porcelain arriving from China that would satisfy the discriminating amateur, and the ware brought westward with the aim of large turnover and profit.

The underlying commercial nature of the porcelain we are considering here will explain why the overwhelming majority consisted of

tableware. Since its purpose was strictly utilitarian, not only its surface decoration but also its shape had to conform to the demands of the consumers. There are several other pieces in the exhibition, aside from the armorial pieces mentioned, that are of purely Western shapes. One tureen, for instance, dating 1790-1800, (illustrated) is but a modified form of a creamware tureen advertised in Wedgwood's illustrated catalogue of 1774. Other Western shapes can be studied in a showcase displaying several delightful objects with small flower motifs in blue on white, and the border decorations in orange, blue, and gold. Pieces such as these were popular in the young American Republic, to judge from the many table sets that have come down to us bearing American arms.

The kilns where the export ware was made were located in the ancient pottery town of Ching-tê-Chén (or Chingtechen), site, too, of the Imperial Kilns, in the province of Kiangsi. The Jesuit father d'Entrecolles has left us his impression of Ching-tê-Chén in a letter written in 1712: "The sight with which one is greeted on entering . . . consists of volumes of smoke and flame rising in different places, so as to define all the outlines of the town; approaching at nightfall, the scene reminds one of a burning city in flames. . . ."

There were several water, land, and sea routes over which the ware—virtually always white, that is, still undecorated—was carried to the port of Canton in southern China. Here in a special quarter were established the foreign traders, and here they dealt with the Chinese merchants, who were directly responsible to the Imperial Chinese

Mr. Weissberger is curator of the section of decorative arts at Carnegie Institute. Under his direction a number of exhibits of widely varying potteries and porcelains have been shown in the Treasure Room during the past few years. These included Staffordshire, Wedgwood black basalt, ancient Chinese, and modern Japanese ceramics.

Government. It was at Canton that export porcelains were decorated and then put on the vessels that carried them off. Boats of many nationalities called at Canton. Among several Western overseas trade organizations it was the East India Company, an English concern, that, in the eighteenth century, could claim the lion's share in the China trade, in which porcelain loomed so large. But by the nineteenth century America had grown into a bold competitor, and, as has been said, "the effectiveness of the American methods was surely a factor contributing to the decision in 1834, during the final days of the old China trade, to dissolve the English Company."

These are but a few points out of a fascinating story that is told at length in John Goldsmith Phillips' scholarly and enjoyable *China Trade Porcelain*. This book proved of great help in the preparation of the present exhibition, and for the interested reader there is a copy in the Art Reference Division of Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

ONE HUNDRED FRIENDS

Two oil paintings and two water colors from the current Associated Artists of Pittsburgh exhibition have been purchased by the One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art and presented to the Board of Public Education to be hung in city schools.

These are *The Head* by Russell Twiggs and *Entrance to Eternity* by G. Peterson Scully, the oils; *Hills* by Robert Hustead and *Street Scene* by John Y. Winberg, water colors.

One Hundred Friends was organized in 1916 to buy paintings for the public schools each year from the annual AAP exhibit. Some one hundred members each contribute \$10.00 annually, and to date 301 paintings by AAP members have been bought with an expenditure of nearly \$41,000.00. John O'Connor is secretary-treasurer of the One Hundred Friends.



Photographed by Ben Spiegel

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A CONGRESS OF MUSES

The allegorical bronze figures at Carnegie Institute

JAMES D. VAN TRUMP

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE's roof-top gathering of Muses, the bronze feminine symbols of the arts and sciences that have been taken for granted these many years, are now once again much in the public eye. Floating like goddesses, outlined in the sharp radiance of floodlights, these four lofty figure groups poised on the corner piers of the Forbes Avenue entrance pavilions contribute, in this Bicentennial year, a novel and dramatic addition to the night sky of Pittsburgh. Lifted from the sober context of the Institute's exterior and thrust into a new dimension by the miracle of light, these contemplative females have achieved almost the glamor of a star presentation in a theater. Both by day and by night, however, they have always symbolized the cultural functions of the great building at the entrance to Schenley Park.

Strictly speaking, our metal divinities cannot be exactly identified with the Muses of classical antiquity, and the word is used here simply to indicate personifications of the liberal arts. Placed some seventy feet above the pavement, the four great triads of heroic figures, roughly twice life size, represent Literature, Music, Art, and Science; the first two are placed above the pavilion on the Library and Music Hall side of the building, and the latter groups above the entrance to the Art Department and Museum. In each case, the central figure, clad in classical robe and mantel, is flanked by two seated women who serve to accent the symbolic character of the presiding divinity.

Literature, crowned with a wreath, clasps a scroll, while one of her attendants holds in her lap the Lamp of Knowledge and the

other intently reads; Music solemnly bears a lyre above the head of a maiden who plays the cymbals, oblivious of her veiled companion who bows her head raptly above a closed book. It is possible that the latter is a modern version of Polyhymnia, the Muse of sacred song. Science, also wreathed, on the opposite corner of the building, may represent Urania, the ancient Muse of astronomy, since she bears in one hand an armillary sphere, a smaller edition of the great globe atop the Institute dome. In this group, the subsidiary figures hold implements suggestive of science and industry, a crucible and a retort. Art, on the other angle pier of the Museum pavilion, is flanked by a woman holding a palette, symbolizing painting, and another with a plan and dividers representing architecture. The central figure of this triad, who may also do double duty as Botany, is possibly the most appealing of the solemn gathering. She holds a single flower, the symbol of beauty, in one outstretched hand—a gesture at once naïve and religious, a necessary and subtle benediction on the city and the street below. Remote, serious, majestic, possessed of an Olympian calm, these grand personages in their bronze incarnations have defied for over fifty years the hazards of the weather and the insolence of pigeons and starlings.

Since classical times, the fountain and the source of all the arts have usually been identified as feminine, and so it is proper that these figures should preside above the four representations of human genius that flank the pavilion entrance doors of the Institute. The heavenly Muses of Literature, Music, Art, and Science gaze down benignly on the earthly recipients of their gifts—Shakespeare, Bach, Michelangelo, and Galileo. On a more mundane plane, this exercise in classical iconography may have been the idea of Andrew Carnegie, who had a hand in compiling the list of names of the world's "greats" that

march around the frieze of the building. However that may be, this chart of divine inspiration and human achievement, this sculptural blueprint of the building's aspirations, is as hieratic, as carefully balanced, as that of any medieval cathedral.

The bronze Muses also complement perfectly the quiet masculine expanses of the Institute's Renaissance exterior, which is an expression of the sober, business-like tone of Pittsburgh itself. In these figures there is none of the variety, exuberance, and complexity of mass so often found in academic sculpture of the period. The Carnegie groups display little movement and a minimum of detail; they depend for their effect on their simplicity, dignity, and repose. Here the sculptor has deliberately avoided the flying drapery and the outstretched wing. It would be difficult to find sculpture more eminently suited to the building it adorns.

John Massey Rhind, the sculptor, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in either 1858 or 1860, and studied sculpture with his father and also with Dalou in Paris. Since he specialized in architectural sculpture, he came to this country in 1889 looking for commissions—which speedily came to him in that expansive Eclectic day when his craft was still much in demand. Throughout a career that extended over a long period, he contributed to the adornment of many public buildings, including the Glasgow City Hall, the Alexander Commencement Hall at Princeton, the McKinley Memorial at Niles, Ohio, and the

Mr. Van Trump has made an almost complete architectural study of Carnegie Institute and has published his interpretation in a number of articles that have been appearing the past two years in *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*. This winter, floodlighting of the usually overlooked, sculptured feminine figures high on the Institute façade has brought them into new prominence. He consented to extend his research to this decorative detail, and the present article is the result.



DRAMATIC NIGHTTIME VIEW OF CARNEGIE INSTITUTE'S FORBES AVENUE FAÇADE

Butler Art Institute at Youngstown, Ohio. Among his statues of public men are a bust of Gladstone modeled from life, an equestrian portrait of George Washington at Newark, New Jersey, a heroic bronze of John C. Calhoun at Charleston, North Carolina, and a figure of Stephen Girard at Philadelphia. Despite his numerous pedestal works, he was chiefly known as an architect's sculptor, and he worked with several prominent building designers of the time. For Alden & Harlow, he had executed in 1902 another Pittsburgh commission—the allegorical marble figures on the exterior of the Farmers Bank Building that have since been removed. He was also responsible for the statue of Robert Burns (1913-14) that stands near the Phipps Conservatory in Schenley Park, and for the bronze statue of Andrew Carnegie at one end of the Music Hall foyer.

Rhind's work is generally characterized by solidity, simplicity, and breadth of treatment, and his architectural sculptures were subordinate to the building they decorated—he did not compete with the architect. Although his talent was not of the first order, he ranks among the artists of his period as a very com-

petent and, at times, inspired craftsman. His numerous works, among them the Carnegie figures, testify to the general level of excellence attained by many of the academic sculptors of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

In addition to being a compatriot, Massey Rhind was also a friend of Andrew Carnegie, and it is not improbable that the friendship was influential in securing him the commission for the Carnegie statuary. In any case, Rhind had to work in close conjunction with Alden & Harlow, and the contract price for the complete job was reportedly \$180,000. The sculptured groups were not included in the architect's first scheme for the new building (exhibited at the Pittsburgh Architectural Club show in 1900) but they were part of the final design (1904). The clay models of the statues were executed in the artist's New York studio, whence they were shipped to Italy, where they were cast in bronze by the lost-wax process under Rhind's personal supervision. The sculptured groups, which are hollow and have doors in the back to permit entrance, were cast in several pieces; the sections were then dispatched to this country, where they were assembled and



row G: "Over \$500,000,000 in personal trusts?"

row H: "Right."

row G: "Not including their corporate trusts?"

row H: "After all, Fidelity of Pittsburgh
has been at it since 1886."

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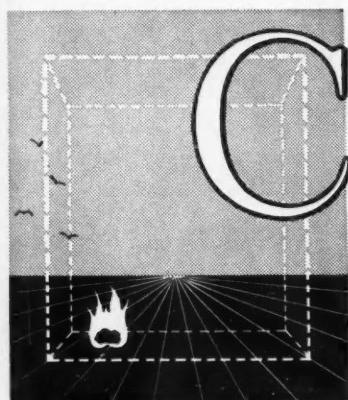
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finished by the sculptor. The complete ensemble of figures was in place for the dedication of the Institute in April, 1907.

The characteristic light-green color of the bronze, which appears at night as a luminous, pale radiance, is due to a process called patination. Since art bronze is an alloy, usually ninety parts copper to ten of tin, the weather acts upon the copper to produce the coloring or patina. Bronze is among the most durable of metals, and as such, especially commendable—much more so than stone—for architectural sculpture in Pittsburgh.

When Rhind died in 1936, the modern world had already begun to lose interest in the work of the academic sculptor; he and the craft that he stood for were becoming old-fashioned. Since then, his fame, like that of many other sculptors of his day, has suffered almost total eclipse, as the light of public acclaim faded from the classical pantheon of

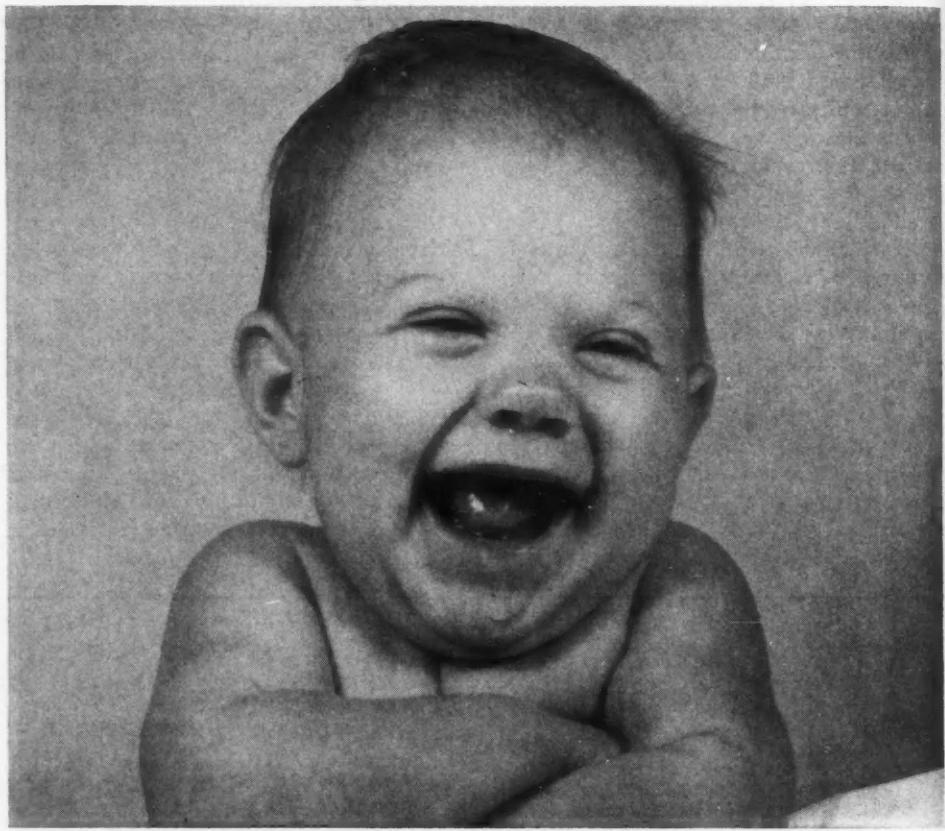
goddesses and heroes. Nowadays, however, there are intimations of a renaissance of interest not only in once-despised Eclectic buildings but also in the sculpture that adorns them, and it is possible that recent queries about the Carnegie bronzes may be a sign of the times. Our grand, neglected gallery of Muses, literally resurrected from darkness by the floodlights, may indeed be heralds and forerunners of a procession back to the ancient sculptural gods. More than that, they may remind us of the enduring beauties and the graces and the verities of our civilization. The contemporary human eye lifted to the heavens is often uneasy and afraid, and it is surely an occasion of comfort for it to encounter, among the illuminated tooth-paste signs, the television tower beacons, and the portents of nameless horror that haunt the horizon, these calm immortal presences enshrined in light.



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ART AND NATURE BOOKSHELF

HOAXES

By CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL

(Paperbound) (\$1.75)

Dover Publications, Inc., New York, 1958

306 pages, 23 black and white illustrations

On order at Carnegie Library

HOAXES, the people who perpetrate them and the conditions that make them possible, are the preoccupation of the author of this informative and delightful book.

There is certainly enough chicanery of this particular sort going on in the world to furnish many more volumes of equal density, but the present collection is sufficiently representative of the ways of the hoaxter and his dupe to satisfy the curiosity of the general reader and put him on his guard against the attractive fraud in whatever guise—literary, political, scientific, historical, artistic, or journalistic—it may next appear.

It will not, I fear, cure him of his gullibility completely, but it may remind him by its references to the Cardiff giant, the paintings of Van Meegeren, the Weems legends, the triumph of *September Morn* over Anthony Comstock, and many another example, that the human mind is ready to believe the things it wants to believe; that there is no simple escape from the snares of the determined agent bent on obfuscation, misdirection, promotion of a cause, destruction of an institution, or just plain confusion.

The chastening lesson of Dr. MacDougall's parade of anecdotes is that even the most thoughtful and upright members of the human race have, from time to time and sometimes in impressive numbers (witness the Orson Welles *The War of the Worlds* broadcast in 1938), succumbed to unwitting or deliberate fraud. The only real protection we have, of course, is knowledge so complete as

to be authoritative, or else a solid skepticism that scrupulously weighs each clamoring argument against the probabilities of truth.

In organization, *Hoaxes* considers in its first section, "Why They Succeed," the climate in which fabrications are transformed into fact—the incentives to believe, and our failures to disbelieve.

The second part, "How They Succeed," considers categories of hoaxing, providing by the accretion of evidence a persuasive argument that there are few areas of human endeavor not touched by rogues intent on misdirection. The Captain von Kopenick, the Spanish Prisoner, the Piltdown Man, the Lost Dauphin, Jonathan Swift, Pavel Jerdanowitch, the Kensington Stone, and many other characters and objects find places in the author's recital of fabrications large and small.

And as finale there is an account of H. L. Mencken's bathtub hoax, which alone would testify convincingly to the persistence of man's will to believe.

The author has not attempted the full-scale penetration into motive and method that has characterized some recent publications dealing with notable frauds. His approach has been no less informative, however, in its compilation of many examples.

A reprint, with some new material, of a volume published in 1940, it is a welcome addition to the useful Dover list.

—NORMAN L. RICE

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